The Sabbath School Visitor

Vol. XL. PHILADELPHIA. No. 21.

THE PEARLS GRANDMA DID NOT GET.

"I came very near having a pearl necklace to give you to-day, my little namesake," said Grandma Wight as she put a string of pink coral around Margaret's neck. It was little Margaret's birthday.

"*Oh, grandma, I love corals,*" cried the little girl. "*Thank you, a hundred times;*" and, with a hasty, though hearty, kiss, Margaret ran to show her new possession all over the house.

But Mac's sharp little ears caught hint of a story. "Why didn't you get the pearls, dran'ma?" he asked seriously.

For an answer "dran'ma" unlocked the top drawer of her bureau and took out two curious-looking books, twice as long as they were broad, and handed them to Mac. "Margaret may read you the story," she said.

The little birthday girl was not very willing at first to settle down to a story, but Mac was so very eager that she consented at last to read him "a little piece of it." The books were two old diaries that grandma had kept when she was a young girl, and were written in an old-fashioned hand, the letters being very small and well formed. But it was much easier to read them than I fancy a young lady's diary would be now-a-days, when it seems to be the fashion to get as few words as possible on a page, and to fill in the rest with dashes.

Margaret was so delighted with the old-time tales that she was not willing just to pick out the pearl-necklace story, but she and Mac spent all their spare time for weeks poring over the yellow pages and faded ink.

The first mention of the necklace was under a certain June 9, far back in the eighteen-hundreds:

"I happened to mention to-day," said the journal (and it was all written as if the little lady knew a great many big dictionary words), "that it was quite a misfortune to have one's birthday come on Christmas Eve, as mine did.—'Why so?' quoth my uncle Timothy.—'Because, sir,' I replied right merrily, 'I never got a birthday present in my life; my present has to stand for Christmas and birthday also.'—'Too bad! too bad!' exclaimed my uncle, who, truth to tell, gets the credit of spoiling me. 'I call that double-dealing, Meg, my lass, and it shall go on no longer. Look out for a birthday present from me next Christmas Eve.' At this I am much embarrassed. 'Oh, uncle,' I cry, 'I did not mean—' 'No, of course you did not,' he interrupted, 'but *I* mean something, as your next birthday will show.'

"Mother comforts me by saying that there is time between this and next Christmas for uncle to forget not only his promise, but my appearance of having angled for a gift."

The next pages were taken up with new matters, and there was no mention of a necklace.

"We shall have to look in the next volume," said Margaret, now quite as eager for the story as Mac himself. "Let's turn to Christmas Eve."

"Not quite so far as that," said grandma, who happened to pass the nook where the children had hidden themselves; "my old memory is only good for long-agoes. Turn to December 10th."

With rapid fingers little Margaret found the place. "I have just heard a wonderful piece of news," she read from the second volume: "Cousin Evelina has whispered to me that my uncle Timothy is going to give me a pearl necklace for a birthday present—a real pearl necklace, costing one hundred dollars. I wonder if this is truly little Margaret Holland, thirteen years old, who never had a jewel in her life?"

The little readers found several allusions to the necklace in the next few pages—anticipations of delight, expressions of gratitude to the dearest of uncles and of surprise that he should intend any-

thing so fine for such a chit of a girl. Then came a page written much more hastily and carelessly than the others, telling of a strange and terrible adventure: the young diarist had been sliding on the ice, and had broken through a thin place and gone down. She describes with thrilling reality her sensations as the cold darkness closed over her, when she knew no more until she came to a pricking sensation of life, enveloped in overcoats and shawls on the river-bank. Frantic efforts had been made to find her by breaking the ice, but the most determined and most successful were those of a poor crippled boy who had been a mere spectator of the sport. It was he who at the great risk of his life had found and drawn her to the surface with his crutch, until stronger arms could rescue the almost drowned girl.

Another page told of a meeting of town-people in the hall to offer resolutions of thanks and admiration to the cripple. Little Margaret herself was there, and wrote in glowing terms of the enthusiasm of the assembly. But when a gift of money was proposed, the lad stoutly refused to accept a cent; he said they had made him proud by their kind words, but the money would make him feel as mean as a dog.

"'But,' said my uncle, who was not ashamed to be seen with tears on his face, 'shall we not give you the money to spend on somebody else, then?'—'Ay, that I can do,' cried the brave lad; 'if you will give me money to send little blind Joe, the miller's son, to the place where they teach folks to do without eyes, I'll thank you kindly.'

"Uncle himself carried the hat round among the crowd, and looked surprised when he saw me put in a slip of paper; but when he was counting out the hundreds of dollars given and promised, he read my paper aloud, to my great confusion. 'My pearl necklace,' he read, 'if uncle will let me give it.'"

"And that is why you did not get the pearls?" cried Margaret. "Oh, grandma, I love my corals twice as much as before, for the dear story they will remind me of."

"And the miller's boy went to the place where they taught people to do without eyes?" questioned Mac.

"That he did, my boy, and preached the gospel for forty years afterward," answered grandma.

ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY.

I WISH you could pay a visit with me some day to the Children's Library on upper Broadway, New York City. The stairs that lead to the reading-room are in steady use two hours of every afternoon with the hurrying feet of a hundred and more eager children. If you follow the owners of the small feet, you will see them enter a large, pleasant room, show clean hands and a smiling face to the lady in charge, and then glide noiselessly into a seat at a long, low table. Other boys and girls are already there among the books and papers; some are playing games and looking at photographs through a stereopticon. The cluster of heads are bending over a bound volume of *Harper's Young People;* two dark-haired Italians are puzzling over "Sliced Animals;" and a negro child and a rosy-cheeked German boy are absorbed over the same copy of an illustrated paper. A little English girl named Janet is gazing into a boy's big book of machines and tools called *A Wonderful Workshop*, and she shyly says that she "fancies the pictures next to *Red Ridinghood.*"

A new visitor tiptoes up to the desk and asks in a whisper, "May I bring my little brother to-morrow?" The room is very still. You might think they were deaf and dumb children studying their lessons; a rather large class, to be sure, and all of about the same age—under twelve years. The Children's Library has no rules and regulations hung on its walls, like the public libraries for grown folks. A child has only to behave quietly and he or she is made welcome. Besides the papers and magazines that are used by the young visitors while they stay, there are shelves filled with books that they can carry home to read—*Dotty Dimple, Rollo and his Friends,* Miss Howitt's tales, *Bessie Bradford,* "Rough-and-Ready Series," histories, Readers and a variety of school-books.

At six o'clock the lady who has charge of the room says, "It is time to close." The books are reluctantly laid down with an air that means "I'm coming again, anyway." Some of the children beg to stay and help put things in order, and one little maiden of nine years, who makes a daily visit to the library, folds up the papers and lays them in a neat pile.

Some of the most regular visitors are children who work out of school-hours. Two of them are models for an artist; one plays in a small theatre in the evening, and others earn pennies in any way they can. It is for this class of boys and girls, who do not have the ordinary privilege of good reading in their homes, that the library was started, to give the opening minds and bright intellects of childhood something better than the five-cent story paper that falls to their lot through poverty or ignorance.

Harper's Young People.

FOR HIM.

LATE again! Well, she could not help it; that was all there was about it, she pouted to herself as she hung up her hat and sacque on the pegs behind the door. History class was called, of course, and Miss Temple would have some sarcastic remark to make which would make her forget what little she knew of the lesson.

Annie Ward was late to school three mornings out of the five, and two mornings out of the three she failed in her lessons, yet she said she was trying to do right, although she confessed no interest in the school. If she were only older and with her time at her own disposal, she would have liked nothing better than giving all her time to work for the Lord; and, strange and contradictory as it may seem, it was some sewing she was doing for the poor that made her late to school this morning. It was this same sewing which kept her from learning her lessons the evening before. She was sure it was her duty to work for her Master. So how could she be wrong, even though she did neglect her lessons? She had a little time after history to look over her algebra, so she made a better recitation there; but grammar, which came later, was a complete failure.

She went home to dinner, dissatisfied with herself, her school, and provoked with Miss Temple.

"I do wish mamma would let me give up the studies, even if I am but sixteen," she said to herself as she went into the family sitting-room.—"Oh, Cousin Emma," she cried the next moment as she saw, sitting with her mother, a young lady clad in mourning, "I am so glad to see you! When did you come?"

The cousins embraced; and Annie, talking with her, forgot for the moment the great trial of having to pursue her education; but when Emma asked after her studies, it all came back to her.

"I am doing just horridly," she answered; "my heart is not in it, and it is just one failure after another. Last vacation I spent with an aunt who is constantly going about doing good—sewing, teaching, caring for the poor, doing so much for the Lord. She did so much for him in just one day, and she thought that I could do a great deal; so I have tried ever since."

Mrs. Ward had left the room, or Annie would not have spoken so freely on a subject upon which her mother did not agree with her.

"You cannot do much outdoor work while you are at school," Emma returned.

"No—that is the trouble; and in trying to do I of course have to neglect my lessons.—Emma, how are you getting on? You did so much. I told Auntie Lane last summer that I never knew any one who did more work than you."

"What I am able to do is done in a very quiet corner now. I have had to give up all the hospital visiting since mamma died, all outdoor toil—even my Sunday-school class. Papa is so feeble he cannot be left alone at all, and then I have my housekeeping, with one little servant. When I am not with him I am at housework; when I am not at housework I am with him. To-day is my first outing since mamma left us, and if I had not had business to call me to this city I could not have come, if a friend who is visiting had not taken my place. So you see my work for the Lord now is very quiet and unpretending indeed."

"But the hospitals and all the rest?"

"I left them with him. I knew that it was his doing alone that I must give them all up, and that he didn't need me there. I felt very badly, of course, and as if I were doing nothing. Then it came to me that all work is for him. You know what the poet Herbert says about only sweeping a room, and you remember that even our eating and drinking must be done for him. We serve him if we only stand sometimes waiting for what he wants us to do. It is the heart he looks upon, not the hands. When the heart is his and ready for his service, I think sometimes he cares little what the work is, in fact, he so little needs what we do. So I saw that I was working as much for him, when I did it as unto him, when I swept a room or waited upon papa, as when I sang with the sick or spoke words of comfort to the dying."

Annie shook her head.

"It does not seem so to me," she said. "It is such a glorious work to do for the poor!"

"But more glorious to do what the Lord tells us to do," Emma answered, as, in response to the dinner-bell, they went into the dining-room.

This meal was unusually late and long, so Annie had to leave before the dessert was brought in.

"Just for that school!" she said as she ran out. She stopped a moment on the other side of the dining-room door. A sudden thought seemed to arrest her. Could it be possible that her work was going to school? Was she to do that "unto the Lord"—put all her heart into it as she would have put her heart in something more congenial? She could not accept it then, but it made her hasten her steps as she rarely did, and she was in time for once. She was more attentive too, and made better recitations than usual. Walking home she thought of it—going to school for him just as she gave her money to the poor for him. If she did it for him she must do it well; he would not accept poor work. Maybe he did not want her to neglect her lessons, try her teacher and grieve her mother, though. Why, surely, he did not; and then, as Emma said, if he looked at the heart and learned its readiness to work for him, the seeming smallness of the task is no sign that it is small in his eyes; nothing we do for him willingly is small.

"You are really satisfied in your little corner, Cousin Emma?" she said to her as they sat together alone after tea.

"Oh, more! I wanted to work for my Master, and why not do gladly the task he sent?"

"But how do you know it is your work?"

"Common sense, if nothing else, will tell us. He points the way very clearly. Why, can't you tell that your work for him now is your school, learning your lessons well?"

"I was trying to see that it was not," Annie frankly replied, "but you have shown me my mistake; so to-night I begin to study and go to school for him. I have three hard lessons for to-morrow, and I must begin them right away."

For him she applied herself to her books, for him the lessons were learned, and for him she went punctually and gladly to school. The change in her was so wonderful that Miss Temple called her back one day and said to her,

"I am so glad you have made up your mind to do better, Annie! Do tell me what changed you, so the influence may be brought upon some of the other girls."

"It was very little, Miss Temple, and yet very much. I used to come to school because I had to,

but now I come and learn my lessons, keeping in mind Who spoke the 'whatsoever' verses. I am doing it for him, so I must do it well."

IRENE WIDDEMER HARTT.

AN OLD LEGEND.

THE monk was praying in his cell—
With bowed head praying sore;
He had been praying on his knees
For two long hours and more.

When in the midst and suddenly
His eyes they opened wide,
And on the ground, behold! he saw
A man's feet him beside.

And almost to the feet came down
A garment wove throughout;
'Twas not like any he had seen
In the countries roundabout.

His eyes he lifted tremblingly
Until a hand they spied;
A cut from a chisel there they saw,
And another scar beside.

Then up they leaped the face to find;
His heart gave one wild bound—
One, and stood still with the awful joy:
He had the Master found.

On his sad ear fell the convent-bell—
'Twas the hour the poor did wait;
It was his to dole the daily bread
That day at the convent-gate.

A passion of love within him rose,
And with duty wrestled strong;
But the bell kept calling all the time
With iron merciless tongue.

He gazed like a dog in the Master's eyes;
He sprang to his feet in strength:
"If I find him not when I come back,
I shall find him the more at length."

He chid his heart and he fed the poor
All at the convent-gate;
Then wearily—oh, wearily!—
Went back to be desolate.

His hand on the latch, his head bent low,
He stood on the door-sill;
Sad and slow he lifted the latch—
The Master stood there still.

He said, "I have waited because my poor
Had not to wait for thee;
But the man who doeth my Father's work
Is never far from me."

George MacDonald.

A CLEAN PAGE.

DID you ever think of the Lord's Day in this light? The thought comes to us in the following helpful sentences which certainly deserve a repetition in the VISITOR:

The Sabbath gives us a new start in our life-journey. It counteracts the gravitation of sin and sense and mammon, and sends us forth again with new enthusiasm, thanking God that we are training for something nobler than this earth can give. We are in our lives like a schoolboy learning to write, and every week is a page in our copy-book. On the first line the Lord Jesus has set before us his own beautiful example, and we start out to imitate it. But as we go down line after line we too largely lose sight of that which he has written, and when we get to the bottom it is all irregular and blotted and the paper is blistered with our tears of regret. Then comes the Lord's Day again, and Jesus, speaking to us words of cheer, turns over the page and takes the pen once more, giving us another pattern, and we are comforted and encouraged. So we try again. Thus page after page is covered. It is poor work enough, but the penmanship improves a little every time, and it is much better at the end of the book than at the beginning, for at the bottom of the last page the Master writes, "Well done!"—*Selected.*

A BIRD-MESSAGE.

"WHAT'S Frank got?"

It was a cross face which looked out of the window, and the voice kept it company as it went on: "Oh, it's a little bird. I wonder where he found it?"

Into the room came Frank, carefully carrying a robin. "Its wing is broken," he said. "I found the poor little thing lying on the ground. It cannot fly."

"Poor birdie!" said Bessie, forgetting to be cross as she took it tenderly in her hands.

Frank went and brought an old cage to put it in.

"I will take care of it all day," said Bessie.

"No, dear," said her mother; "this room is too warm to keep a bird in. It is accustomed to the fresh, cold air outside, and would die here."

All the scowl came back to Bessie's face. "I've had to stay in the house here more than a week," she said fretfully, "and when I want something to amuse me I can't have it."

"You have your nice new book, Bessie," said mamma.

"I'm tired of that," said Bessie.

"Mamma," said Frank eagerly, "it's real nice and warm out to-day; can't Bessie go out a little while? This little bird was warming itself in the sunshine."

"Oh, do let me, mamma!" pleaded Bessie.

"I'll draw her 'most all the way on my sled," said Frank.

"I think she may," said mamma. "You can go and see how Susie Bell is. This bird makes me think of her, for she is like a little lame bird herself."

Soon the two were having a merry time in the fresh air of the early spring day. Frank drew Bessie down a hill into a lane which passed near a little old house.

"There's Susie at the window," said Frank.

"And the window is open," said Bessie.—"Susie, why don't you keep your window shut?"

"Because the sun shines so nicely," said Susie, with a smile.

"But aren't you cold?"

"No; I think it's warmer out-doors than in the house."

They went in, and Bessie shivered as she said to herself, "Dear me! I think it is."

What a bare, forlorn room it was! But Susie laughed and chatted as she sat at the window wrapped in an old shawl.

"Are you all alone, Susie?" asked Bessie.

"Yes; mother is washing at Mrs. Lee's to-day."

"Don't you hate to be alone?"

"I s'pose I do, but mother's so glad to get the work that I'm glad too."

"What do you do all day?"

"Oh, I watch for the snow to melt away and then I shall see the green grass growing. Before this little snow came I could see it and some birds on the trees; and I watch for the birds to come, for mother tells me God takes care of the birds and that he'll be sure to take care of me too; and I look at this picture paper, but I've had it so long I don't care much for it."

"Susie," said Frank, "we've got a little lame bird up at our house. Wouldn't you like to have him here and take care of him? Your room wouldn't be too warm."

"Oh, I would like it," said Susie. "I will take good care of it. I'm so glad you came! I was wishing some one would come and see me."

Then Frank brought in the little basket in which mamma had sent some good things to Susie, saying, "I think the bird must have brought a message from you to us, Susie, for it made mamma think of sending us."

"Mamma," said Bessie when they reached home, "Frank thinks God sent a message by the bird to tell us to go and see Susie. Do you think so?"

"Well, dear," said mamma, with a smile, "if the Lord saw fit to make use of a little bird to put into our hearts a kindly thought for one of his little ones, it would be a very sweet way, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Bessie soberly, "and I think perhaps he sent a message to me too. Oh, mamma, *you* don't know how ashamed I felt when I saw Susie in that poor, miserable, cold room, and she is so cheery and bright and finding something pleasant in everything; and she's been shut up there for weeks and weeks, and I've been grumbling and fretting because I've been in the house only a few days, with you to do everything for me. I don't believe I'll ever be discontented again."

"I hope not, dear. I hope the bird's message of contentment to you will last as long as you desire to help Susie and all such poor little things as the Lord has placed among us, that we may enjoy the blessing of doing for them in his name."

"I want to send Susie my beautiful book too, mamma."

The next minute Frank was again tripping down the hill with the bird and the book, which would be sure to bring happiness to Susie's lonely hours.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

TOWARD THE SUN.

MY dear young folks who are in the beginning of things, why not stop wondering whether you are a Christian or not—whether this and that pleasure must be given up if you become one? Why not leave all this and simply find out whether you are "turning toward the sun," as did the little Scotch girl of whom Miss Warner tells us?—

Every day I set my plants out in our little glazed piazza for a taste of early summer, and stand there myself to watch them. How they love the sun!—seeming to yearn toward it—even as I, last winter, in my sunless sick room, used to lay my face close against the window-frame to catch, slantwise, one little ray of the blessed sunshine. Even so my plants lean toward the light, stretching forth their hands to grasp it and bring it home. Do you see?—it is their life, their joy, their rest. The pale leaves take strength and color, the drooping buds lift up their heads, the new shoots spring forth to grow.

"I don't know," said a poor Scotch girl when the Session before whom she was examined doubted whether she "knew enough" to join the church—"I can't tell about that. Maybe I don't know enough. But, as a flower turns to the sun, so my heart turns to the Lord Jesus."

The Sabbath-School Visitor.

J. R. MILLER, EDITOR.

FORGOTTEN MEANINGS.

ARTHUR HELPS says somewhere that our language bids fair to become a "collection of huts built from the ruins of palaces." A glance at the real meaning of some common expressions will interest you, I think, as it has me:

Bead, in Anglo-Saxon, means "a prayer." The Roman Catholics still use the rosary of beads to assist them in prayer.

Beldam, or a hag, originally meant "fair lady" (*belle dame*).

Bogus (slang?) is a hasty mispronunciation of "Borghese," an Italian rascal who once swindled many persons in this country by counterfeit bills.

Book means a "beech tree" in German. In ancient times the soft wood of this tree was used for engraving tablets.

Capricious is from the Latin word *caper*, "a goat," and signifies "jumping about like a goat." In the same way we say, "cut a caper."

Cemetery means simply a sleeping-chamber. For this tender misappropriation of the word, applied to a burial-place, we must thank the early Christians, who learned to regard death as a refreshing sleep.

Copper—named from the island of Cyprus, once celebrated for its copper-mines.

Daisy, called the "day's eye" from its likeness to the sun.

These "forgotten meanings" were found in a little book bearing that name, by Alfred Waites.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE NORTH WIND.

HAVE you listened to the wind, my dears,
To the strong wind when it roars,
When it whistles about *the windows*
And rattles *and shakes the doors?*
Have you heard the soft wind whisper?
Did you list to the gentle breeze?
Have you heard the sad wind murmur
And sigh among the trees?
Have you listened to the glad wind—
To the fresh wind when it sings,
When it drives away *the storm-clouds*
And golden *sunshine* brings?
Shall I tell *you* about the winds, my dears,
And *what* they do and say—
What they bring to us as the seasons change,
Scarce resting by night or day?

Oh, fiercely comes the north wind
From his haunts of ice and snow,
With his breath so cold
And his strength untold,
Over the earth to blow.

He tosses the wintry clouds on high
And sends the frost from the clear cold sky;
The birds and the brooks will cease their song;
The flowers will die if he tarry long;
But the children's hearts must grow bold and strong,
For to work, to work, is the north wind's song.
Then cheerily, steadily work away—
The cold, bold north wind blows to-day.

Selected.

No one must laugh at the following odd definitions given by the "Listener" in the Boston *Transcript* until he has proved his right to do so by giving the correct ones:

"Stability is the taking care of a stable."

"Obelisk, one of the marks of punctuation."

"An incendiary is when you go round preaching and singing hims."

"Expostulation is to have the small-pox."

"A critic is something to put your feet on to."

"An impulse is what the doctor takes hold of to feel if you are sick."

"A diphthong is a very contagious disease."

"The boy was sick with information."

The Helping-Hand Column.

THE FOUNDATION.

"Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold of the life which is eternal."—1 TIM. 6 : 19.

I KNEW two boys who went to school together, played together and had the same opportunity of doing well in life, but the one was heir to a large amount of money, while the other knew that he would have to earn any money he should have. The one became idle and worthless, the other industrious and useful. They have both been laying up in store; one is a manufacturer, the other was recently sleeping under a haystack because he had no home.

But what is the meaning of "laying a good foundation"? I knew a builder who bought a piece of ground. He began to calculate: "I can build twenty houses here, and when they are finished I can sell them. Twenty houses! that will just enable me to retire from business." He built six. He was not careful about the foundation, because the houses were only for sale and the foundation is out of sight. Three were roofed in, and the builder hurried on the men, for he wanted to sell them quickly. Unfortunately, the inspector came one day and noticed a crack. "This house is not safe," he said; and the work was stopped.—"We will not permit houses to be built upon such a foundation," the court said. The end of it was that the builder was ruined. The foundation which he had built caused his ruin. Read Matt. 7 : 24–27, and see what Jesus says about wise and foolish builders.

But you are not building houses. No; boys and girls are building themselves up into men and women; what will you be like when you have finished the building?

I know a workman who lately completed his apprenticeship: for [illegible] years he had *been laying the foundation* of his character as a skilled mechanic, and the master has discharged him because he is worthless. There is a crack in that lad's character: a bad foundation has ruined his life.

Now, look a little deeper into the meaning of this word "foundation." The foundation of a house is out of sight. Some think that anything will do to fill in below the surface. I see a little of this sometimes. The worst of the bricks, the least expensive material, will do there. Ask a good builder, and he will tell you that if the house is to stand the foundation must be better than that. It will cost more, but will be cheaper in the end. Does it ever occur to you to ask how much the foundation of a noble, happy and useful life costs? How much is the foundation of your life costing? What is the cost to your parents? Dear young friends, do you ever think of the long years of helpless childhood, the long years of schooling, the expense of providing every requisite good and the anxiety of preserving from evil habits and associations? This is only the preparation. Like the foundation of the house, it is done to enable the house to stand securely. It may not at the time appear to be of so very much benefit because it is out of sight; at least, you cannot see the benefit, and why should it cost *you* so much? Why can we not be always at play? It is just because you are building the foundation of a future life, and when the years of childhood are filled in with idleness and play, the foundation is bad and all the life is spoiled. A learned man is said to be a man of *deep* learning. Read again Luke 6 : 48, and see what Jesus says about digging deep, and the result: "Against the time to come." What does that mean? Children at school are preparing for business-life. Happy homes and successful pursuits in life are before them. How long does life last? Seventy years? A hundred years? More than that. But do we not die? No; we never die. There is always a time to come in our lives. Only the body dies. I saw a curious clock in a Coventry workshop one day. There were no hands, only figures—one set to show the hour and another to show the minutes. I watched those figures, but nothing moved. I said to the proprietor, "That clock has stopped."—"Oh," said he, "the clock is not there: that's only the case; the clock is on the bench yonder." I watched the workman who was engaged upon it, and I found that a clock could work without the case. Now, that is just what happens when the body dies. I have just come from the cemetery after the coffin had been lowered into the grave; some one looking in said, "Poor fellow! there he lies!" Oh no; he is not there; that is only the case. He is living without it until the great Creator shall provide a new case—a new body; and in the time to come he will still live on, because he has "laid hold on eternal life."

Messenger for the Children.

A WORKING DOG.

PERHAPS the most valuable working dogs in the world are the Esquimaux dogs. What the people in those Arctic regions would do without them it is impossible to imagine, for in Kamtchatka they are the only animals that can be used to draw sledges.

They are very strong and active, and get over the snow much faster than horses, but they hate their work and always howl in the most melancholy way when harnessed. They are very queer-looking dogs too, with their pointed noses and great bushy tails. The picture is taken from *Home Animals* (price $1.15), one of the popular series of Elmridge books issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work.

The Sabbath-School Visitor.

TERMS.

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Published Semi-monthly, at 20 cents per year, by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—No. 21, November 1, 1889.

Entered at the Post-Office at Philadelphia, Pa., as second-class matter.